

Weight

R. A. Christmas

He was folding garments in the back bedroom
when he heard one of his kids telling
his wife that his ex had “lost a lot of weight”—

and his ears pricked up, and he felt the old
mixture of lust and apprehension,
which was relieved only by the fact

that he was embarrassed in front of his clothes.
Because even if she lost 10,000 lbs.,
she’d still be too heavy for him to carry.

That night, as they lay in bed, apropos
of nothing, his wife said, “Would you love me
more if I lost fifty pounds?”

And he said no, which was wrong, and then
yes, which was also wrong, whereupon
she pushed away his spindly arm, and turned

her back like a wall, and left him lying
there with the feeling that weight was always
something you wanted to lose, but couldn’t.